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OR

EDINBURGH AMUSEMENT.

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MEMOIRS *of the Life and Writings of Dr* MARK AKENSIDE.

THE late learned and eminent Dr Akenſide recommended himſelf to the world as a twofold diſciple of Apollo; being no leſs diſtinguiſhed in his poetical capacity than as a Profeſſor of the medical art. A narrative of his life will beſt diſplay his pretenſions to both theſe characters.

This gentleman was born at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, on the 9th of November 1721; being the ſecond ſon of Mark Akenſide, a ſubſtantial butcher in that town, at the free ſchool of which he received the earlieſt part of his grammatical education. He was next put under the care of one Mr Wilſon, a diſſenting miniſter, who kept a private academy at Newcaſtle. At about the age of 18 he was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh, with the view of becoming a diſſenting miniſter; his parents and relations in general being of the Preſbyterian perſuaſion. However it was only for one winter that he proſecuted his ſtudies upon this plan; after which he turned his thoughts to phyſic. Having received ſome aſſiſtance toward his education for the miniſtry, from the funds which the Engliſh Diſſenters have for that purpoſe, he took care afterwards to return to his benefactors the money which had been expended upon him. His genius and his taſte for poetry diſplayed themſelves when he was at the Grammar ſchool at Newcaſtle, and during his continuance at Mr Wilſon's academy. It is ſaid, that his Pleaſures of Imagination, and ſeveral other pieces, were firſt written by him at Morpeth, while he was upon a viſit to his relations, before he went to the Univerſity of Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he diſtinguiſhed himſelf, likewiſe, by his poetical compoſitions. His Ode on the Winter Solſtice, which is dated 1740, was certainly compoſed at that place. After ſtaying three years at Edinburgh, he removed to Leyden, where he continued two years; and there, in 1744, he took the degree of Doctor of Phyſic.

Soon after his quitting Leyden, he ſettled for a little time at Northampton; but, either not meeting with ſufficient encouragement, or being ambitious of a larger field in which to diſplay his talents, he removed to Hampſtead, where he reſided about two years and a half, and then finally fixed at London. At

firſt he had but little practice; and therefore, that he might be enabled to make a proper appearance in the world, he was generouſly allowed three hundred pounds a-year by his great and intimate friend Mr Dyſon. Whether Mr Dyſon had any bond or obligation from him on this account, we know not; but it would ſeem, that at his deceaſe, his effects, and particularly his books and prints, which he was fond of collecting, fell into that Gentleman's hands. In a courſe of time, Dr Akenſide came into very conſiderable reputation and practice, and arrived at moſt of the honours incident to his profeſſion. He was choſen a Fellow of the Royal Society; became a phyſician to St Thomas's Hoſpital; was admitted by mandamus to the degree of Doctor in Phyſic, in the Univerſity of Cambridge; and was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians in London. Upon the ſettlement of the Queen's Houſehold, he was appointed one of the phyſicians to her Majeſty. He died of a putrid fever, on the 23d of June, 1770, in the 49th year of his age, and was buried in the pariſh of St James's, Weſtminſter. Dr Akenſide was very much devoted to the ſtudy of ancient literature, and was a great admirer, particularly of Plato, Cicero, and the beſt philoſophers of antiquity. His knowledge and taſte in this reſpect are conſpicuous in his Poems, and in the notes and illuſtrations which he hath annexed to them. That he had a ſincere reverence for the great and fundamental principles of religion, is apparent from ſeveral paſſages in his writings; and eſpecially from his Ode to the Author of the Memoirs of the Houſe of Brandenburgh.

His Poem on the Pleaſures of Imagination, though written in his early youth while he viſited at Morpeth, was firſt publiſhed in 1744. It was received, in general, with great applauſe, and raiſed his reputation high in the poetical world. But Dr Warburton (the preſent celebrated and learned Biſhop of Glouceſter) being diſſatisfied with a note in the third book, concerning the nature and objects of ridicule, thought proper, in a preface to certain remarks upon his antagoniſts, to make ſome ſevere ſtrictures on our Author; in which, however, he was attacked as a Philoſopher only, and not as a Poet. Dr Akenſide, in return, was warmly vindicated by an anonymous friend, who proved to be the late Right Honourable Jeremiah Dyſon, Eſq; The title of the pamphlet is, "An Epiſtle to the Rev. Mr Warburton, occaſioned by his treatment of the Author of the Pleaſures of Imagination." There are ſeveral ſenſible obſervations in it; but the ſtyle is uncouth and unpleaſant.

The Poem on the Pleaſures of Imagination was quickly followed by an Epiſtle to Curio, containing a warm invective, under that name, againſt the Right Hon. William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, on account of his political conduct. The Doctor was afterwards ſo far diſſatisfied with this performance, that he altered it a good deal, by changing it into the form of an Ode, and by reducing it to leſs than half the number of lines of which it originally conſiſted. In 1745, he publiſhed ten Odes on ſeveral ſubjects, written, as he tells us, at very different intervals, and with a view to very different manners of expreſſion and verſification. The merit, he ſays, which he chiefly pretended to, was that of endeavouring to be correct, and of carefully attending to the beſt models. Theſe different productions appeared before he was twenty-four years of age; but he was afterwards much more ſlow in his publications. His Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon came out in 1748, and in 1758 he expreſſed his deſire of rouſing the national ſpirit, by an Ode to the Country Gentlemen of England. Few of his remaining poetical pieces were publiſhed ſeparately, excepting an Ode to Thomas Edwards, Eſq; on the late edition of Mr Pope's Works, which had been written in 1751, but not printed till the year 1766; with a view, as it ſhould principally ſeem, of ſhewing the Author's diſlike to Dr Warburton. The reſt of Dr Akenſide's Poems, which appeared in his life-time, were given, at leaſt for the moſt part, in Dodſley's Collection. His principal performance, in the quality of a phyſician, was a Treatiſe on the Dyſentery, written in Latin, and publiſhed in 1764.

Beſides the above Diſſertation, which hath been commended for its Latinity, and was twice tranſlated into Engliſh, he wrote ſeveral little pieces, the titles of which are ſubjoined. In the Philoſophical Tranſactions, 1. "Obſervations on the Origin and uſe of Lymphatic Veſſels in Animals: being an extract from the Coltonian Lectures, read in the Theatre

of the College of Phyſicians in June 1755, and at the Royal Society, November 10. 1757, Vol. I. for the year 1757. Dr Alexander Munro, junior of Edinburgh, having taken notice of ſome inaccuracies in this paper, in his "Obſervations anatomical and phyſiological, &c." Dr Akenſide publiſhed a ſmall pamphlet (1758) in his own vindication. 2. "An Account of a Blow upon the Heart, and its Effects." Read December 22. 1763, Vol. liii. for the year 1763.——"Oratia Anniverſaria, ex inſtituto Harveii, in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinenſis habita, Anno 1759. Londini, 4to 1760." In the firſt Volume of Medical Tranſactions, publiſhed by the College of Phyſicians in London. 1. "Obſervations on Cancers." Read June 6. 1767. 2. "Of the Uſe of Ipecacuanha in Aſthmas." Read June 6. 1767. 3. "A method of treating white Swellings of the Joints." Read July 6. 1767. Beſides theſe, Dr Akenſide read, at the College, ſome practical obſervations made in St Thomas's Hoſpital, on the "putrid Eryſipelas," which he intended for the ſecond Volume of the Medical Tranſactions. This paper he afterwards carried home, with a deſign to correct it; but it was not returned at the time of his deceaſe. Being appointed Krohnian Lecturer, he choſe for his ſubject "the Hiſtory of the Revival of Learning;" and read three lectures on it before the College. But this work he gave up, as it was ſuppoſed, in diſguſt; ſome of the College having objected that he had choſen a ſubject foreign to the inſtitution.

ELYSIUM: *or the* PASSIONS *ſubjected to* REASON.

WHO hath not heard of thoſe places where abundance hath for ever eſtabliſhed her reſidence; where juſtice and innocence live harmoniouſly together; where, without remorſe, or care, or inconſtancy, peace perpetually repoſes or revels in the arms of love? It is fabled, you know, that in this ſpot ſlumbers that happy ſtream, which is lulled to ſleep by the ſoftneſs of its own murmurs. Fear, ambition, and deſire, the recollection of ills and of misfortunes, never invade. Nature appears poſſeſſed of her real good, and nothing ſalutes the eye but fruits and flowers. Gold is baniſhed. War is unknown.—How is it poſſible in ſuch an Elyſium to be unhappy? By whom was this Elyſium made? By the moſt celebrated philoſophers and poets. Why then, might it be aſked, do they not go to the paradiſe which they have thus created? Without ever deſcending to more darkſome ſhores, which lead from one world to another, why do not they live and be immortal in their own Elyſium? Alas! the reaſon is but too apparent. It is not merely the fair plains of imagination, the thickneſs of her foreſts, nor the murmur of her waters, which occaſion our years to glide along in the ſerenity of eternal quietude. Reaſon only it is which renders our reſidence amiable. To her it is that we owe all that is worth living for. Caverns the moſt obſcure, deſerts the moſt unfrequented, are converted into things delightful at her preſence: the palaces of kings, and all the ambitions of courts, are, without her, ſo many pomps without ſubſtance or effect. Repoſe, tranſport, and hours of ſatisfaction are all born and nouriſhed by *Reaſon*.

Spirit of the gods, and miſtreſs of the true Elyſium! Oh ſage Minerva! deſcend to illuminate the univerſe! Thine be it to make the ſoul inſenſible to all grandeur but the right! thine to confine in eternal chains the paſſions! Quit for a moment, oh goddeſs! the ſide of Jupiter, and never let thoſe paſſions move hereafter but at the command of Virtue! At thy viſitation, peace and purity ſhall re-eſtabliſh their demoliſhed altars, and with thee ſhall deſcend the pleaſures which were reliſhed by our virtuous anceſtors! The innocent mirth which died with them ſhall, like a new Phœnix, ariſe out of her aſhes, and again introduce amongſt us wholeſome ſports, and inoffenſive amuſements.

It is Reaſon, in copartnerſhip with Fancy and Feeling, that muſt realize the Golden Age. It is then only we muſt hope to ſee Clemency univerſally adored! How ſuch an age embelliſhes itſelf even in imagination! I am tempted to paint it, all feeble and human as the pencil is which I uſe.

Behold the fields conſigned to Peace, and ignorant of war: there are many labourers, but no ſoldiers. Nature, ever attentive to our deſires, opens her ample breaſt, and voluntarily yields all the treaſures that can render men really happy. Riches, that is ſufficient to life, are offered at the price of an eaſy induſtry, and the fruits of this are uſed for ſalutary purpoſes. What a government do thoſe who

are guided by the laws of Reaſon live under! What luxuries, conſiſtent even with œconomy, are at their command! No indigence, and yet no gold! God for king; virtue for nobility; the whole world for common inheritance; perfect equality without the yoke of laws, or legal diviſion of property; ſincerity, faith, candour, diſcretion, grandeur of ſoul, and ſimplicity of ſentiment—ſuch are the riches of ſuch a ſituation!

Yes, reader, theſe will all return upon us, when we have once reſolved unanimouſly to exterminate from the face of the earth that villainous intereſt which blocks up every avenue of the heart that might lead to virtue; that intereſt which ſigns a peace, or declares a war; that intereſt which, loving the living, and diſgracing the dead, leaves us nothing, in the end, but remorſe and ſhame.

Poor in money, and rich in virtue! O that it might not be thought romantic to adviſe men to dig out no longer the bowels of the earth for thoſe hidden treaſures, which, after all our labour, are only diſcovered to ſpoil our hearts, and intoxicate our heads! Were this counſel followed univerſally, then might we enjoy the Elyſium which is at preſent only in the page of the poet, and on the canvas of the painter. Impiety once rendered publicly contemptible, would ſoon hide her abaſhed countenance for ever. It is the forgetfulneſs of the laws of Reaſon, and a remembrance of the fictions of imagination, which have introduced and eſtabliſhed the credulities and caprices that now deform the univerſe.

In purſuing the pleaſing proſpect of a world under ſuch improvements, I already, methinks, behold thoſe furnaces extinguiſhed, which we lighted to forge and to prepare the inſtruments of battle. The echoing anvil groans no longer under the ſtrokes of the oppreſſive hammer. Peace ſits ſmiling upon her olive branch, and the world is at reſt. But what freſh wonder aſſails my eyes! What effulgence is that which ſtreams like a radiant meteor before me! What harmonious ſounds are thoſe which break upon my ear, and ſo melting to the heart! It is love, real, genuine, and immortal love, freſh from the heaven of heavens. He takes advantage of the favourable moment in which intereſt is vanquiſhed, and comes, like a true monarch, to aſſert his unpolluted empire in our ſouls! It is that charming deity who preſents to our affections chains which do not gall, and fetters of flowers. It is the power which inſpires a ſentiment more active and more animated than flame. It is he who unites body to body, and ſoul to ſoul: it is that very love whoſe very ſighs breathe pleaſures, whoſe ſorrows are ſoothing, and whoſe tears are ſweet. Intereſt and avarice once dead in the human heart, this enchanting god ſhall extend his ſcepter over the globe which he animates, which he peoples. Every lover and every miſtreſs ſhall flouriſh under his auſpices.

Extracts from Dr Percival's *Moral Tales, juſt publiſhed.*

The JOLLY FELLOW.

RODERIC was a young man who had neglected the cultivation of his underſtanding, and had made an early ſacrifice of knowledge to merriment. He could ſing a jovial ſong, and tell a ſtory admirably; for he deſpiſed truth when it interfered with the embelliſhments of humour. His ſociety was courted by the gay and the diſſipated; and whenever he exerted his talents, he ſet the *table in a roar*. But Roderic was ſubject to ſudden revolutions of mind. At a convivial meeting, one day, he had been more than uſually lively and facetious. The champagne went briſkly round, and bottle after bottle, in quick ſucceſſion, was emptied and caſt aſide. All at once he became penſive; his countenance fell; his eyes were fixed; and he ſeemed loſt in meditation. The company rallied him, and demanded the cauſe of ſuch an unexpected tranſition from jollity to gloom. Certain ſtrange ideas, ſaid he, have obtruded themſelves upon me; and I am ſhocked to perceive how exactly I reſemble the bottle of champagne that is before us. The anſwer was a myſtery. After a ſhort pauſe he unravelled it. Like this bottle, continued he, I am only ſparkling and frothy; the ſource of exhilaration, but not of ſatisfaction. Sickneſs or misfortune, the ſtorms of life, may ſour my wit, or flatten my ſpirits; time will inevitably exhauſt them, and I ſhall then be put away with contempt, as an empty veſſel, of no intrinſic value.

The DUNGHILL COCK.

OBSERVE that cock, ſaid the wealthy and plodding Apicius! He has found a

way into my granary, and tho' he ſtands upon a large heap of corn, where he may gratify all his wants without pains or trouble, yet he *ſcrapes* with as much eagerneſs as if he were earning his ſcanty pittance on the dunghill. And is not his maſter, anſwered I, daily chargeable with the like folly, though he boaſts of reaſon, and ridicules the undiſtinguiſhing operations of inſtinct? Providence has furniſhed him with abundance, but he toils with anxiety for more. He impatiently ſearches for new treaſures, whilſt he ſhould be enjoying thoſe which he poſſeſſes; and in the midſt of affluence he ſuffers the evils of penury.

TRUTH *never impreſſes the* MIND *more forcibly than when ſuggeſted by a juſt and ſtriking* ANALOGY.

WHEN Charles the fifth had reſigned the ſceptre of Spain and the imperial crown of Germany, he retired to the monaſtery of St Juſtus, near the city of Placentia in Eſtremadura. It was ſeated in a vale, of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees.—From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Here he cultivated, with his own hands, the plants in his garden; and ſometimes he rode out to a neighbouring wood, on a little horſe, attended only by a ſingle ſervant on foot. When his infirmities confined him to his apartment, and deprived him of theſe more active recreations, he either admitted a few gentlemen, who reſided near the monaſtery, to viſit him, and entertained them familiarly at his own table, or he employed himſelf in ſtudying mechanical principles, and in forming works of mechaniſm, of which he had always been remarkably fond, and to which his genius was peculiarly turned. He was extremely curious with regard to the conſtruction of clocks and watches; and having found, after repeated trials, that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, with a mixture of ſurpriſe as well as regret, on his own folly, (as he might alſo on his cruelty and injuſtice,) in having exerted himſelf with ſo much zeal and perſeverance in the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a uniformity of ſentiment concerning the doctrines of religion *. Happy would it have been for Europe, if this juſt and ſtriking analogy had occured to the monarch during the plenitude of his power! And happy might it now prove, if allowed to operate againſt the ſpirit of bigotry and perſecution which ſtill actuates many individuals, and even large communities.

* See Robertſon's Hiſtory of Charles V.

The PEDLAR *and his* ASS.

IT was noon-day, and the ſun ſhone intenſely bright, when a pedlar, driving his aſs laden with the choiceſt Burſlem ware, ſtopped upon Delamere foreſt to take ſome refreſhment. He ſat down upon the turf, and after conſuming the proviſions in his ſatchel, emptied his dram bottle, and then compoſed himſelf to ſleep. But the aſs, who had travelled many a weariſome mile without taſting a morſel of food, remained muzzled by his ſide, wiſtfully viewing the bloſſoms of furze that grew in great abundance around them. Fatigue and heat, however, overpowered the ſenſations of hunger, and drowſineſs ſtole upon him. He kneeled down, and doubling his legs under him, reſted upon his belly in ſuch a poſition that each of the panniers which he carried touched the ground, and was ſecurely ſupported by it. But his ſlumbers were of ſhort duration. An angry hornet, whoſe neſt had been that morning deſtroyed, perched upon his back, and ſtung him to the quick. Rouſed by the ſmart, he ſuddenly ſprung up, and by this violent motion produced a loud jarring of the earthen ware. The pedlar awaked in conſternation, and, ſnatching his whip, began to laſh the aſs with mercileſs fury. The poor beaſt fled from his ſtripes, and was heard of no more; the panniers were thrown off; and the Burſlem ware was entirely demoliſhed. Thus did inhumanity, lazineſs, and paſſion, meet with deſerved puniſhment. Had the pedlar remembered the craving hunger of the aſs when he gratified his own; or had he purſued with diligence his journey after finiſhing his repaſt, no part of theſe misfortunes would have befallen him. And his loſs might have been inconſiderable, if unjuſt ſeverity and raſh reſentment had not compleated his ruin.

The BEES.

A DUTCH merchant, who was ſettled at Batavia, procured a hive of young bees from Poland, that he might multiply the

breed of this induſtrious inſect, and regale himſelf with honey prepared under his own inſpection. The bees were ſtationed in a delightful garden, of large extent, and furniſhed with the richeſt profuſion of fragrant herbs and flowers. Plenty ſoon corrupted their diſpoſition to labour; and the ſtock of honey which they collected, during the firſt months of their ſettlement, was of little value. The expected winter did not enſue; and as they continued to enjoy abundance in this happy climate, they became improvident of futurity, and were no longer at the pains to ſtore their cells with that food, which bountiful nature at all ſeaſons provided for them. Thus unfavourable was exceſſive abundance to the admired virtues of the bee. And no leſs injurious to many a well-formed youth is that affluence, which hath been heaped together by parental toil, to gratify parental ambition; but which ſerves either to nouriſh ſloth, by ſuperſeding the neceſſity of application; or to promote diſſipation, riot, and profligacy, by giving a falſe direction to activity.

IMMODERATE STUDY.

SOPHRON had paſſed the day in very intenſe application to his favourite ſtudy. The ſhades of the evening inſenſibly ſtole upon him. He called for his lamp, and ſupplied it with an extraordinary quantity of oil, that it might burn till midnight. The flame was languid and glimmering—He added more oil—It yielded a ſtill fainter light. Again he repleniſhed the lamp—The flame became dimmer—He cloſed his book, and was ſoon left in total darkneſs.

Ah! ſtudious youth, uſe not with ſuch profuſion the ſacred oil of learning! Thus laviſhly applied, it will extinguiſh, not brighten, the intellectual lamp that burns within thee.

DIRECTIONS *for making the beſt Compoſition for the Metals of Reflecting Teleſcopes; together with a Deſcription of the Proceſs of grinding, poliſhing, and giving the great Speculum the true parabolic Curve. By Mr* John Mudge.

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TO return: a little uſe in working will make the whole of the proceſs of grinding and poliſhing very eaſy and certain; for though I have endeavoured to be as particular as I can (I am almoſt afraid too much ſo), it is yet ſcarcely poſſible to ſupply a want of dexterity, ariſing from habit only, by the moſt laboured and minute deſcription. And though the above account may appear irkſome to the reader, as it lies cold before the eye, I am very ſure, whoever attempts to make the inſtrument will not complain of it as tediouſly particular.

I will, however, farther remark, that when the metal begins to move ſtiffly upon the poliſher, and particularly when the figure is almoſt brought to the parabolic form, it will be neceſſary to fix the elbows againſt the ſides, in order to give momentum and equability to the motion of the hand by that of the whole body.

The ſame poliſher will ſerve for ſeveral metals, if it be ſomewhat warmed when you begin to uſe it.

There is another circumſtance, and a material one too, which muſt not be omitted; it is this: For the very ſame reaſon that the pitch ſhould not be too hard or ſoft, the work will not proceed well in the heat of ſummer, or the cold of winter: in the latter, it may be poſſible to remedy the defect by having the room warmed with a ſtove; and in the ſummer, the other inconvenience may perhaps be avoided by uſing a harder kind of pitch; but I much doubt in either caſe whether the work will go on ſo kindly: I have myſelf always wrought in ſpring and autumn.

The proceſs of poliſhing, and, indeed, grinding upon the hones, will not go on ſo well if it be not continued uninterruptedly from beginning to end; for if the work of either kind be left but for a quarter of an hour, and you then return to it again, it will be ſome time before the tool and metal get into a kindly way of working; and till they do, you are hurting what was done before.

I have all along ſuppoſed that the metal we have been working was about four inches diameter: if it be either larger or ſmaller, the ſizes of the hones, bruiſer, and poliſher, muſt be proportionably different. I never find any ill conſequence ariſing from the different expanſion from heat and cold in any of the tools, though they be made of different metals and ſubſtances, unleſs the inconvenience, occaſioned by the interruption before hinted at, be thought to reſult from thence; for the alteration produced in the ſurface of the ſpeculum, both by grinding and poliſhing, is ſo much quicker than

any that can be ſuppoſed to ariſe from the former cauſe, that it is never attended with any practical conſequence.

Magnifying very minute objects, and particularly reading at a diſtance, have been generally conſidered as the ſureſt teſts of the goodneſs of a teleſcope; and, indeed, when the page is placed at a great diſtance, ſo that the letters ſubtend but a very ſmall angle at the eye, if then they appear with great preciſion and ſharpneſs, it is moſt probable that the inſtrument is a good one. But we are, nevertheleſs, ſometimes apt to be deceived by this method; nor is it always poſſible to determine upon the different merits of two inſtruments of equal power by this mode of examination; for when the letters are removed to the utmoſt extent of the powers of the two inſtruments, the eye is apt to be prejudiced by the imagination. If two or three words can be here and there made out, all the reſt are gueſſed at by the ſenſe; inſomuch that an obſerver, zealous for the honour of his inſtrument, is very apt to deceive himſelf in ſpite of his intentions. The ſurer teſt is by figures, where you can procure no aid from this ſort of deception. In order to examine my reflecting teleſcopes, I made upon a piece of copper, and on a black ground, ſix lines, conſiſting of about twelve pieces of gold figures, and each line of figures differing in magnitude, from the ſmalleſt that could be diſtinctly made, to thoſe of about two-tenths of an inch long; moreover, the figures in the ſeveral lines were differently diſpoſed, and the ſum of each line alſo differed. It is evident that by this method all gueſs is precluded; and that of two inſtruments, of the ſame powers, that which can make out the leaſt order of figures, which will be known by the ſum, is the beſt teleſcope. Such a plate I cauſed to be fixed up for experiments againſt the top of a ſteeple, about three hundred yards north of my houſe; and it will ſerve to give ſome idea of the diſtinctneſs with which very ſmall figures could be made out at that diſtance, by ſaying, that in a clear ſtate of the air, and with the ſun behind me, with a teleſcope of eighteen inches focal length, which Count Bruhl did me the honour to accept, and now has in his poſſeſſion, I have ſeen the legs of a ſmall fly, and the ſhadows of them, with great preciſion and exactneſs.

I cannot conclude without indulging myſelf in an obſervation on the amazing ſagacity of Sir Iſaac Newton, in every ſubject upon which he thought fit to employ his attention. It was he who firſt propoſed, and, indeed, practiſed, the poliſhing with pitch; a ſubſtance which, at firſt ſight, perhaps, every one but himſelf would have thought very improper, from its ſoftneſs, to produce that correctneſs of figure ſo neceſſary upon theſe occaſions; and yet I do believe, that it is the only ſubſtance in nature that is perfectly well calculated for the purpoſe; for at the ſame time that it is ſoft enough to ſuffer the putty to lodge very freely on its ſurface, and for that reaſon to give a moſt tender and delicate poliſh, it is likewiſe totally inelaſtic, and therefore never, from that principle, ſuffers any alteration in the figure you give it. If the firſt makers of the inſtrument, therefore, had given proper credit to, or had ſimply followed the hint Sir Iſaac gave, it would have ſaved them infinite trouble, and they would have produced much better inſtruments; but the pretended refinement, of drawing a tincture from pitch with ſpirits of wine, affords you only the reſinous, hard, and untractable part of the pitch, diveſted of all that part of its original ſubſtance, which is neceſſary to give it that accommodating pliability in which its excellence conſiſts.

It is needleſs to ſwell this account with a detail of the proceſs for poliſhing the little ſpeculum, as it muſt be conducted in the ſame manner which has been already deſcribed in that of the large one; only obſerving, that as the little metal has an uninterrupted face, without a hole, ſo there is no occaſion for one in the poliſher; and likewiſe that, as a ſpherical figure, is all that need here be practically attempted, ſo the difficulty in finiſhing is infinitely ſhort of that of the other.

As it is always neceſſary to ſolder to the back of the little ſpeculum a piece of braſs, as a fixture for the ſcrew to adjuſt its axis, I ſhall juſt hint a ſafe and neat method of doing it, which may be very uſeful to the optical or mathematical inſtrument maker upon other occaſions. Having cleaned the parts to be ſoldered very well, cut out a piece of tin-foil the exact ſize of them; then dip a feather into a pretty ſtrong ſolution of *ſal ammoniac* in water, and rub it over the ſurfaces to be ſoldered; after which place the tin foil between them as faſt as you

can (for the air will quickly corrode their ſurfaces, ſo as to prevent the ſolder taking), and give the whole a gradual and ſufficient heat to melt the tin. If the joints to be ſoldered have been made very flat, they will not be thicker than a hair: tho' the ſurfaces be ever ſo extenſive, the ſoldering may be conducted in the ſame manner, only that care muſt be taken, by general preſſure, to keep them cloſe together. In this manner, for inſtance, a ſilver graduated plate may be ſoldered on to the braſs limb of a quadrant, ſo as not to be diſcernible by any thing but the different colour of the metals. This method was communicated to me by the late Mr Jackſon, who, during his life, kept it a ſecret, as he uſed it in the conſtruction of his quadrants, and is, I believe, not as yet known to any workman.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT was ſome time after I had written the above account that I ſaw Mr Short's method of poliſhing object glaſſes for refracting teleſcopes, which is publiſhed in the Tranſactions. By that paper I find that what I before ſtrongly ſuſpected is really the caſe, viz. that he knew how well pitch was calculated for purpoſes of this kind. Only it may be remarked, that as glaſs is much harder, poliſhes much ſlower, and conſequently does not wear away and alter its figure ſo ſoon as the metal of which the ſpeculum is made; and as at the ſame time (on account of the very ſmall apertures allowed to teleſcopes of this ſort) nothing more than a ſpherical figure is propoſed; he is therefore obliged to uſe pitch in a hard, friable, and ſtubborn ſtate; whereas, conſidering the delicate ſubſtance of the metal ſpeculum, and the figure intended to be given to it, the ſoft pitch of the common ſort, by ſuffering the putty to bed itſelf in its ſubſtance, produces the moſt beautiful poliſh; and by its pliability is better calculated for that mutual accommodation between poliſher and metal, ſo neceſſary to the figure propoſed.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SPEECH *delivered in the* PANTHEON, *May* 6. 1779.

Mr Preſident,

ARE *Theatrical Exhibitions prejudicial to Morality?* I anſwer, Sir, they are. And this conviction ariſes not only from my own experience and obſervation, but ſtands confirmed alſo by the authority of a Plato, a Xenophon, a Tully, a Livy, a Tacitus, a St Auguſtine, a St Chryſoſtom, &c. all of whom unite in opinion, that the theatre is the nurſery of vice, its exhibitions the corrupters of youth, and the bane of every country in which they are tolerated. If ſuch were the ſentiments of thoſe Heathen ſages, and Chriſtian fathers, at ſo early a period of ſociety, when theatrical exhibitions were more chaſte in ſentiment, and delicate in language; what opinion would they have formed of thoſe exhibitions in our day which contain ſo many ſentiments hoſtile to virtue, ſo much ſmuttineſs of expreſſion, ſwearing, profanity, abuſe of the clergy, and lewd application of ſcripture? Can thoſe exhibitions be friendly to morality which hold out religion as a farce, and the holy ſcriptures as fables? Which exhibit blaſphemy as the language of gentlemen, and immodeſty as a virtue in the fair ſex? Numberleſs inſtances of ſuch perverſion are to be met with in almoſt every play, but more eſpecially in the Mock Aſtrologer, the Double Dealer, Love for Love, the Provok'd Wife, the Orphan, Venice Preſerv'd, the Beggar's Opera, and even a Cato, a Macbeth, and a Hamlet. Nay, I may venture to affirm that there is not one play exhibited on the ſtage, but what bears one or other of theſe characters I have now ſuggeſted.

But, Sir, there are two principles inculcated on the ſtage which I cannot help mentioning as tending in a peculiar manner to corrupt the virtuous mind. The one is that of *Intrigue*, and the other that of *Revenge*. The firſt I account highly injurious to the fair ſex, and the laſt dangerous to ours. The firſt ſubject is generally treated in the moſt tender and paſſionate manner. Many of the fair ſex love to ſee their paſſions painted no leſs than their perſons; and, like Narciſſus, are apt to doat on their own image. This bent of ſelf-admiration recommends the buſineſs of *amours*, and engages the inclination; and, which is more, thoſe love repreſentations generally rouſe the ſpirits to ſuch a pitch, that the play is ſoon acted over again in the field of fancy, and the firſt imitation becomes a model. Love has generally a party within; and when the wax is prepared, the impreſſion is eaſily made.

Thus the principles of the *ſtage* affect

real life; its *amorous* ſnares are liberally thrown among the ſpectators, and excite thoſe paſſions which can neither be allayed without trouble, nor gratified without a crime. Beſides, *debauchery* is commonly the attendant of theatrical *intrigue*; it wears almoſt all ſorts of dreſſes to engage the fancy, faſten upon the memory, and keep the charm from languiſhing: ſometimes you have it in image and deſcription, ſometimes by way of alluſion; ſometimes in diſguiſe, and ſometimes without it. Such varied repreſentations cannot fail to ſtain the imagination, to weaken the fences of virtue, to intoxicate the paſſions, extinguiſh ſhame, and make lewdneſs a diverſion. Obſcene language in any company is deemed a breach of good manners, but in the company of ladies it is particularly ſo. Whence then comes it to paſs that thoſe liberties which offend ſo much in converſation ſhould entertain upon the ſtage? Do ladies leave every regard to decency and virtue behind them when they come to the play-houſe? Or, does the place transform their inclinations, and turn their former averſions into pleaſure? Or, were their pretences to chaſte converſation elſewhere nothing but hypocriſy and grimace? Modeſty is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the fair ſex, ſerving both for ornament and defence: It was deſigned by providence as a guard and protection to innocence; but theatrical *intrigue* tends to ruin and deſtroy it; therefore, ſuch exhibitions muſt be dangerous to female virtue.

As to our own ſex, how prejudicial to morality muſt thoſe exhibitions be which encourage *revenge!* What is more common than duels, and quarrelling among their characters of figure? Thoſe practices which are infamous in reaſon, capital in law, and damnable in religion, are the credit of the ſtage. Thus ſelf-murder is extolled as a heroic virtue; rage and reſentment, blood and barbarity, are almoſt deified. Pride goes for greatneſs of mind, and fiends and heroes are made of the ſame metal. Thus are the principles of honour miſtated, the maxims of Chriſtianity deſpiſed, and the peace of the world diſturbed. After all, the admirers of theatrical exhibitions would have us believe their deſign is *virtue* and *reformation of manners!* They are very likely indeed to combat vice with ſucceſs who deſtroy the principles of good and evil! how abſurd ſuch reaſoning! and how inconſiſtent ſuch means!

In ſhort, Mr Preſident, nothing can be more hurtful to the virtuous mind than theatrical exhibitions. They cheriſh thoſe paſſions, and reward thoſe vices which it is the buſineſs of reaſon to diſcountenance. They ſtrike at the root of principle, draw off the inclinations from virtue, and ſpoil good education. They are the moſt effectual means to baffle the force of diſcipline, to enfeeble the ſpirits, and debauch the manners. How many of the unwary have thoſe ſyrens devoured! and how often has the beſt blood been tainted with their infection! What diſappointment of parents, what confuſion in families, and what beggary in eſtates have they not occaſioned! Call you this diverſion? Can domeſtic ruin afford ſuch irreſiſtible delight? Does the criminality of the performance conſtitute the ſpirit of the ſatisfaction? or, is contempt of Chriſtianity the entertainment of Chriſtians? Is it ſuch a pleaſure to hear the ſcriptures burleſqued? Is ribaldry ſo very obliging, and Atheiſm ſo charming a quality? Are we indeed willing to quit the privilege of our nature, to ſurrender our charter to immorality, and throw up our pretences to another life? I hope we have a better, a higher ſenſe of the dignity of our being; and, if ſo, muſt we not conclude, that thoſe exhibitions are hurtful to virtue, which would degrade us into brutes, which ridicule our Creed, and turn all our expectations into romance?

MORALIST.

A BRIEF APOLOGY *for Prolixity and Inaccuracy, introductory to two long Speeches in the* PANTHEON.

To the PUBLISHER *of the* WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

"Your works are long,"—the critics cry:—
'Tis true,
And *lengthen ſtill*, to take in fools like *you*.
YOUNG.

SIR,

THE famous Monſ. Paſcal concludes one of the longeſt of his letters with this ſingular apology for its length, that "he had not time to make it ſhorter." Paradoxical as this excuſe may ſeem at firſt view, I am convinced, by experience, he has been in earneſt when he made it; for I may with truth make the ſame apology to you and your readers for the length of my pieces, Sir.

If I had not ſpun my laſt introduction

too long, by my remarks on *Philoſophus*, I would have told that gentleman, that he erred as much in his compliment as in his criticiſm on my ſpeech. "Diligence in collecting my materials," is a compliment I am not at all intitled to. Inſtead of this, my only difficulty was to determine which to prefer. Arguments,—materials arguments flow ſo faſt, when I write upon ſuch copious ſubjects, that I can ſeldom compriſe either a ſpeech or an eſſay within the ordinary limits.—"Long" as the ſpeech he alludes to, was, and "elaborate" as it may appear, I can aſſure Philoſophus, it did not coſt me above a couple of hours altogether. This might, therefore, have afforded a ſufficient apology for any inaccuracies, had it even been as incorrect as his own. I know an elegant poet adviſes to

"Write and re-write—blot out, and write again,
"And for its ſwiftneſs ne'er applaud your pen;"

—an advice, which, methinks, your Philoſophers would do well to follow, whatever exemption Men of Buſineſs may be allowed to plead from it. The moſt correct writers will blunder at times, when hurried by buſineſs. Mr Edmund Burke himſelf, Sir, that great and eloquent orator, is guilty of inaccuracies in his letter to Mr Bowie, [P. 120.] which nothing but the "hurry of buſineſs" he pleads could poſſibly excuſe. Twice he

"blunders round about a meaning,"

by an unneceſſary and bombaſtical *perſonification* of the word "deſcription;" and his concluding ſentence is, if poſſible, more ungrammatically arranged than any in all Philoſophus's ſpeech.

But it is not my buſineſs to correct Mr Burke either in point of language or argument. That belongs more properly to the Committee of Correſpondence. All I mean is to draw a ſingle inference in favour of the incloſed Speeches which I had the honour to deliver on Thurſday the 8th curt. in the Pantheon, and which you'll pleaſe inſert, with this caveat to the critics, that if *buſineſs* affords a ſufficient apology for the blunders of ſo great a genius, it may ſurely ſuffice to excuſe thoſe of Yours, &c.

FABER AURARIUS.

[*We are ſtill obliged to poſtpone the Speeches, which would have appeared ſooner, if they had not fallen aſide.*]

A WARNING-PIECE *to* BUCKS *and* CHOICE SPIRITS.

To the PUBLISHER, *&c.*

SIR,

IT is my misfortune to be what is called a *d—n'd jolly fellow*; that is, I ſing a good roaring ſong, have a tolerable knack at telling a ſtory, can ſpout a little, and am a bit of a mimic. With theſe qualifications, and an uncommon ſhare of good-nature, my company has been eagerly ſought by maſons, bucks, good fellows, and ſocieties of every denomination: In theſe aſſociations, and others of a more private nature, have I paſt my vigils for ſome time paſt, in conſtant noiſe and diſſipation, and frequently riſen at noon with a violent head-ach, a diſordered ſtomach, and a vitiated appetite—for what? having bellowed a ſong, ranted a ſpeech, and told a ſtory—and, worſt of all, having ſpent my money.

This career, Sir, laſted near two years, and though many ſtriking examples of my folly were before me, with all its aggravated circumſtances, I was ſo infatuated, that I could not refrain, as long as my health and pocket would let me, purſuing this frantic round.

How often have I been in company, and, on hearing of the death of a buck, or choice ſpirit, his funeral elogiums expreſſed by thoſe, who pretended the moſt cordial friendſhip for him, while living, have amounted to this: "He was a good-natured fellow, it muſt be owned:" "Aye, cries a ſecond, a very good natured fellow, but a damn'd fool, or he would not have ruined his fortune and conſtitution as he did." A third, "He was no man's enemy but his own." A fourth, "Egad he was a very clever fellow, and ſung an excellent ſong; but to be ſure he had his weakneſs—he was too generous, and could never keep a ſhilling in his pocket."

Notwithſtanding theſe cutting reflections upon a departed jolly fellow, I was ſo blind that I could not make the application to myſelf.

I own I took the alarm a ſhort time ſince, but then, alas! it was too late.—Being at the Buck's lodge, a member aſked another what was become of honeſt Jack Wildfire, that buck of bucks—"Oh! he has been dead this fortnight." "Why, I never heard he was ill! what diſorder did he die of!" "Why, laſt club-night, he died of *a Song from the Chair!*"

The *sang froid* with which this laſt ſentence was uttered, mortified me greatly, as Jack had been the ſoul of the company for upwards of a twelvemonth. I went home in a deep reverie much ſooner than uſual, and began to conſider of the ridiculous courſe of life I had been purſuing, and ruminating upon the unſtable friendſhip that is erected on the ſandy baſis of noiſe, or even mirth, and what is called jollification. Though I had greatly impaired my health by theſe nocturnal exceſſes, my ſtamina was ſtill, indeed, tolerably good, owing more to an excellent conſtitution naturally, than to any the leaſt care I had taken of it, having been in a perpetual round of riot and intoxication for many months paſt; and this was the only time, during that period that I had poſſeſſed ſufficient fortitude to retire from noiſe and diſſipation, and reflect coolly upon my paſt conduct. I ſcarce got a wink of ſleep that night, ruminating upon my late reprehenſible courſe of life, and in the morning riſing, took a firm reſolve never to aſſociate again with ſuch Quixotes of pleaſure, who purſue a phantom, and do not even graſp a ſhadow.

I went into the country for a few days, to recover my health, and to wean myſelf from bucks and good fellows. On my return to town about ſome buſineſs, I found a ſummons to attend a club, where a particular friend of mine was in the chair, and to whom I had ſome pecuniary obligations. After cleaning myſelf, and preparing to go into the city, I was waited upon by a gentleman, vulgarly called a bailiff, who told me very politely, "he was ſorry to acquaint me he had a writ againſt me for twenty-five pounds and upwards." I immediately enquired at whoſe ſuit? and, to my utter ſurpriſe, aſtoniſhment, and confuſion, found it was at the ſuit of my very particular friend the chairman, who had ſummoned me to attend the laſt club-night. I was hurried away to a ſpunging-houſe, from whence I wrote to him a very polite, and, I thought, affecting letter, imagining that he had committed this act in a guſt of paſſion, and that a conceſſion on my part would ſoften his reſentment in his cooler moments; but in this opinion I was miſtaken, for all the conſolation I received upon the return of the meſſenger was a verbal anſwer, "that I was a d—n'd ungrateful ſcoundrel for not attending club-night, when he was preſident, and that he never would forgive me."

In this dilemma, I ſent circular letters to all my jovial friends, intreating their aſſiſtance and relief: Some upbraided me with my extravagance, others with my idleneſs and diſſipation, others with my folly and want of knowledge of the world, to think that friends were to be found amongſt boon companions, eſpecially in time of diſtreſs—but not one of them ſent me a ſhilling to ſoften the aſperity of their reflexions.

In a word, having ſpent what little money I had, and exhauſted my credit at the ſpunging-houſe, I was conveyed to the King's Bench, where I now remain a ſtriking monument of folly, extravagance, and diſſipation, aiming to ſupport the ridiculous character of *a d—n'd jolly fellow*.

I have, however, found ſome conſolation in this retreat, finding many in the ſame ſituation as myſelf, and nearly from the ſame cauſe. In comparing notes, we afford ourſelves ſome ſolace, eſpecially when we find, that in higher ſpheres of life, friendſhip is but the whiſtling of a name, where it is founded only in vice and debauchery. Zachariah M——re, who was one of the greateſt bucks in England about five and twenty years ago, and in aſſociating with the late Duke of H——n, Sir Richard Atk—ns, and the reſt of that ſet, ran through a very pretty fortune: when in the greateſt diſtreſs, they ſcarcely pitied him; and this ſworn brother of riot and frolic was ſuffered to go abroad, to avoid the horrors of a jail, at forty-eight years of age, an enſign in a marching regiment. F——— was a ſtill more recent as well as aſtoniſhing inſtance of neglect from a prince of the blood-royal, whoſe conſtant aſſociate he was in his whims, caprices, and extravagancies; and a priſon would ſtill have been his doom, had he not been enlarged by a deep-laid ſtratagem of a very artful limb of the law.

This being the ſtate of mundane friendſhip, I begin to be reconciled to my fate, reſolving, whenever I obtain my liberty, never to aſſociate again with ſuch falſe friends, who buz about you in the ſunſhine of fortune; but upon the appearance of one cloud, deſert you to all the diſtreſſes and dangers of an impending ſtorm.

I am, Sir, in hopes that this letter may ſerve as a beacon to ſome of your juvenile

readers, who may avoid the rock that I and many more have ſplit upon, and remain Yours, &c.

A Reformed D—n'd Jolly Fellow.

A HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Philip II. a gentleman, in a rencounter in the ſtreets of Madrid at night, had the misfortune to kill his adverſary; upon which he fled to a church porch as a ſanctuary, till he could juſtify himſelf. Happening to lean againſt the door, he was ſurpriſed to find it open by its giving way, and ſtill more ſo when he perceived a glimmering light in the church. He had the courage to advance towards the light; and was dreadfully frightened on beholding a lady dreſſed in white, who aſcended from a grave with a bloody knife in her hand. With a wild, frantic look ſhe made up to him, and, in a menacing tone of voice, aſked him what he did there? The poor gentleman, trembling at every joint, and imagining, before ſhe ſpoke, that he had ſeen a ſpectre, freely confeſſed the truth, without reſerve; upon which ſhe addreſſed him in words to this effect: "Stranger, thou art in my power, but fear me not, for I am a murderer as thou art: I am a lady of a noble family; a baſe perjured man ruined me, and then boaſted his conqueſt over my weakneſs and credulity. I ſoon had him aſſaſſinated, but not content with that ſacrifice to ſlighted love, I have bribed the ſexton to let me enter his grave, and have now plucked out his falſe heart from his body, and thus I uſe the heart of a traitor." So ſaying, ſhe tore it aſunder with both hands, and then trampled upon it with her feet.

From this ſtory, well attested by the hiſtorians of Spain, we may deduce the following juſt concluſion, which ſhould be attended to by the young and unguarded of both ſexes:—The effects of violent, diſappointed love are not confined to any age or country, and the only way to avoid them is, for both ſexes to conſider more ſeriouſly the nature, extent, and expectations of *a promiſe*: it eaſily paſſes the lips, and is as readily believed by the perſon whoſe mind is predifpoſed for deception, but neither repentance nor reflection can recall it: perhaps it is recorded in heaven, and though human juſtice muſt punish on earth the perpetrators of horrid vengeance, we know not how much more ſevere may be the doom of *him* or *her* who deſtroys the peace of mind, and ruins the body, if not the ſoul, of the innocent unſuſpecting lover, by promiſes, perjury, or infidelity.

ANECDOTES.

THE Earl of St Albans, ſecretary to Queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himſelf at the reſtoration but in an indifferent condition. Being one day with Charles II. when all diſtinctions were laid aſide, a ſtranger came with an importunate ſuit for an employment of great value, which was juſt vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl perſonate himſelf. The gentleman addreſſed himſelf accordingly, enumerated his ſervices to the royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means, replied the Earl; and I am only ſorry that, as ſoon as I heard of the vacancy, I conferred it on my faithful friend there, the Earl of St Albans, (pointing to the King), who has conſtantly followed the fortunes both of my father and myſelf, and has hitherto gone ungratified: but when any thing of this kind happens again worthy your acceptance, pray let me ſee you." The gentleman withdrew, the King ſmiled at the jeſt, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, a young fellow in the county of Berks, being diſguſted with a woman that his father had choſen for him as a wife, inliſted in a marching regiment then recruiting at Reading. As his education and manner of behaviour was ſuperior to that of his fellow-ſoldiers, he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed by his officers, and, before he had been a month in the ſervice, he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and 'ere three months had elapſed was made a ſerjeant. In this ſtation he continued for two years—was then raiſed to be ſerjeant-major, and from that ſtation to an enſigncy.—The regiment was now ordered into Flanders, and in the famous battle of Ramilies, our young enſign had the honour of ſaving his colours from the reſolute attack of four French ſoldiers. In reward of this gallant defence he was promoted to the rank of a lieutenant, and from thence he ſucceeded to that of

a captain; in this ſtation he continued many years, with equal honour to himſelf and his country, till having received a challenge from a brother officer, on a ſuppoſed trifling offence, he had the virtue to refuſe it; which coming to the knowledge of his then ſovereign, George II. his majeſty promoted him to the rank of a colonel; ſaying that a man of approved valour would be inexcuſeable in riſking his life to comply with an arbitrary and inhuman cuſtom.

On the Decay of the Navy of late years.

I HAVE lived at Portſmouth upwards of fifty years, and have made inquiry of ſeveral old intelligent ſhipwrights, why the ſhips decayed faſter now than they did formerly; and they all declared, that it proceeded from the practice adopted of late years, of boiling the outſide planks inſtead of burning them: and they gave the following as an inſtance of it. The Royal William was repaired a few years ago; and they obſerved, that thoſe planks which were placed on her about twelve years before were rotten, whereas others that were fixed thirty years were found and good; the firſt were boiled, and the laſt burnt. Indeed this is agreeable to reaſon; for the boiling muſt needs open the pores of the wood, and ſoften that glutinous matter which binds the ſolids together, and give room for the ſalt water to penetrate; whereas burning hardens and coagulates the fluids and ſolids together in one maſs, and reſiſts the fury of the water. Every carpenter knows, that if two poſts be placed in the ground, one burnt, and the other raw, the firſt will continue ſound three times longer than the latter. I know the late practice of letting the inſide timbers of the King's ſhips ſtand a long time to be hardened by the weather; which may be one good way, for aught I know; but the chief article muſt needs be the fortifying the planking to keep the water out, and the inſide will be ſecure.

A Friend to the Navy.

Anſwer to Z's Queſtion by J. [P. 149.]

THE anſwer to Z's problem is, the traveller loſt 62 l. 15 s. and found 36 l. 5 s. and the queſtion depends on working a ſimple equation in algebra, which any one the leaſt verſant in algebra can work, upon getting the queſtion ſtated thus:

L = the ſum dropt or loſt; F = the ſum found, then,

$$152 - L + F = 2L.$$
$$L + F = 152 - 53 = 99.$$

Proof. 152 l. − 62 : 15 being 89 l. 5 + 36 : 5 = 125 l. 10.—is double 65 l. 15 s. the ſum loſt, Q. E. D.

Solution by a New Reader.

THE gentleman loſt 102 l. 10 s. and found 155 l. 10 s.

Set out with L. 152 + 102 : 10 loſt = 254 : 10 − 155 : 10 found = 99 l. which is exactly 53 l. leſs than he ſet out with.

Anſwer to Tokos' *Arithmetical Queſtion, by the Same.*

AS ſimple intereſt doubles its principal in 20 years, ſo compound intereſt doubles its principal in 14 years 206 days.

Suppoſe, therefore, that the 200 l. is lent 20 years at five per cent. ſimple intereſt, = 400; ſo 100 l. lent at five per cent. compound intereſt, = 400 l. in 34 years, 10 months, and 23 days.

But for your readers' amuſement I have annexed the ſolution by logarithms.

The Log. of 400 = 2.6020600
Ditto of 100 = 2.0000000

.6020600

Ditto of the rate .0211893 = 28.413

Solution of Tokos' *Queſtion by* A. B.

34 years and 327 days will make 100 l. compound intereſt, equal 200 l. ſimple intereſt, both at five per cent. to within 4000 parts of a pound; and five hours more will make the two ſums a great deal nearer to one another.

W. G. and J. B. by more tedious proceſſes, prove the ſame product.

A Simple Queſtion by A. L.

AT a wedding there were preſent twenty perſons, who paid twenty ſhillings,—the men paid four ſhillings, the wives one ſhilling, and the maids groats.—*Query*, How many men, how many wives, and how many maids were there?

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ODE TO MAY.

Addreſſed to Miſs ——

TUNE, Gratitude! the feſtal lay,
And hail the Queen of fmiling May,
Sweet harbinger of joy!
Let Flora deck the varied plain,
Fair MAYA and her fportive train
Shall all our hours employ.

Come then, Amelia! gentle friend,
With fenſe and ſentiment attend,
From noiſy folly fly;
In ſearch of health we'll rove the plain,
And oft the Muſes' hallow'd ſtrain
In emulation try.

What tho' no thick umbrageous grove,
Or murm'ring ſtream that whiſpers love,
Edina's mountains grace!
What tho' no more the ſwift-wing'd hour
Unheeded flits in Jeſs'mond's † bow'r,
No more its wilds I trace!

Yet ſhall a nobler proſpect warm;
Antiquity ſhall lend a charm,
And all her ſcenes renew:
We'll climb the ſavage mountain's height,
And there, with rational delight,
We'll ſcan the moral view.

Thence contemplate the ruin'd ſcene,
Where once MARIA, injur'd queen,
Belov'd, and happy reign'd:
Let ſoft ey'd Pity's pureſt tear
Waſh ev'ry dubious failing clear
That has her mem'ry ſtain'd.

Foul blot upon that glorious reign,
Which blaſted the proud hope of Spain
And ſav'd the Engliſh name!
Tho' arm'd with great Minerva's ſhield,
Elſa could the empire wield
With more than manly fame.

Nay, tho' the darken'd error's day,
Bade Chriſtian truth, with holy ray,
Make all her nation bleſt;
Yet hiſtory's impartial page
Shall execrate the jealous rage
Which ſtain'd her rival breaſt.

With the ſad remnant of her friends,
A queen, a ſuppliant ſiſter bends;
But pitileſs auſtere
Dooms her in captive chains to moan
A raviſh'd kingdom, and a throne,
Thro' many a mournful year.

In guiſe of juſtice, ceaſeleſs hate
Urges her fad, but certain fate,
The royal captive dies!
May pity all her failings ſhade,
And all her virtues full diſplay'd
Amid her ſuff'rings riſe.

But hark! ſtern Ruthven † gives command,
Haſte Genius! haſte! and ſtay his hand,
Oh hark! thoſe diſmal cries!
Alas! the bloody deed is done,
Let muſic mourn her fav'rite ſon,
And tell that Rizzio dies.

Thou curſt ambition! ſtain'd with blood;
Firſt born of hell! thou bane of good!
'Twas thy intemp'rate zeal
That drew him to the dread employ,
From harmony, and peace, and joy,
To meet th' avenging ſteel.

But let us leave thoſe ſavage times,
Whoſe blood-ſtain'd annals teem with crimes,
And bleſs our happier fate;
When murders ſpoils, and rapine ceaſe,
When all the blooming arts of peace
Adorn the growing ſtate.

And now we'll rove, and, pleas'd, admire
That beam of true poetic fire
Which glows in Thompſon's ſong;
Or wand'ring on the daiſied plains,
The ſighing flute ſhall pour its ſtrains,
And love-lorn fails prolong.

Hail Muſic! faireſt gift of Heav'n,
Thou balm of life! in mercy giv'n
To chear misfortune's way!

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† Near Newcaſtle upon Tyne.

† "*Ruthven*, and ſome other friends of the exiled nobles, reſolved to be revenged of Mary's favourite Rizzio, as they imputed to him her reſolution of treating the exiles with rigour. They alſo looked upon him as the moſt active inſtrument in promoting the meaſures for the ruin of the Earl of Murray. Darnley, too, (who, by his weak, fickle, and inconſiſtent conduct, had now intirely forfeited all title to Mary's affection,) became jealous of that degree of confidence which Rizzio had obtained with the Queen. They combined to murder him in Mary's bedchamber; and Ruthven, juſt recovering from a fit of ſickneſs, and ſcarcely able to ſupport himſelf, was entruſted by the contrivers of this deteſtable aſſaſſination to ſtrike the fatal blow;" "a blow (as the ingenious Dr Robertſon obſerves) in no ways ſuitable to juſtice, to humanity, or to their own dignity."

Hiſt. of Scotland, B. 4. P. 355.

Harmonious nature ſhall approve
The varied muſic of the grove,
Led on by blooming May.

Ah! frown not, Sk----n, on the lay,
Which dares attempt the bold diſplay
Of thy ſuperior ſkill;
Where judgment, pow'r, and art combine
To make thy melody divine,
And all the boſom fill.

Here Rizzio's ſhade ſhall oft deſcend,
And to his own ſoft airs attend,
So exquiſitely ſung;
The feather'd ſongſters of the air
A while ſhall ceaſe their vocal care,
In mute attention hung.

But ſee, along yon verdant way,
In honour of the Queen of May,
The ſportive village train;
In all her ruſtic pomp array'd,
Behold the roſy laughing maid,
The boaſt of ev'ry ſwain.

Let Guilt look here, and trembling learn
The joys of virtue to diſcern,
No crimes her peace annoy;
Let him behold the guiltleſs mind,
Joyleſs himſelf, too late to find,
That innocence is joy.

The warbling harbinger of day
Sings chearful to approaching May,
And pours his dulcet note;
The feather'd ſongſters, at his voice,
In mingled chorus all rejoice,
And ſtrain each little throat.

May each returning ſeaſon find
The nymphs and happy ſwains inclin'd
Their raptures to improve!
In mirth, and innocence, and joy,
Still may they ſtudy to employ
The natal day of Love!

EUGENIO.

May 1. 1779.

For the WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

VERSES *inſcribed to Miſs* E-TS-Y CL--K.

YE Shepherds, ſo chearful and gay,
Give attention a while to my ſong;
'Tis to Betſey the pride of the May,
Who my heart has in fetters held long.
Her cheek far out-bluſhes the roſe,
The diamond ſhews dim to her eye;
No flow'r in the meadow that blows,
But her ſweet-ſcented breath muſt envy.

In her boſom a lilly ſhe plac'd,
The faireſt that grew on the mead;
But ſeeing its whiteneſs ſurpaſs'd,
It wither'd, and dropt its pale head.

You have heard charming Philomel's note,
When he caroll'd his love in the grove;
Tho' inchanting the ſounds of his throat,
They muſt yield to the voice of my Love.

When the nymphs, on the firſt of ſweet May,
Were aſſembled to chuſe them a queen
To preſide o'er the ſports of the day,
None ſo fit as Eliza was ſeen.
How ſmoothly ſhe glides thro' the dance!
How amiably ſweet is her ſmile!
She wounded my heart with a glance,
And ſtill holds it faſt in her toil.

Ye young roſy wing'd God of love,
Shoot a gold-pointed ſhaft thro' her breaſt;
O make her my paſſion approve,
And no more my fond heart ſhall requeſt!
With Eliza my life ſhould be ſpent,
Till death ſhould diſſolve the cloſe tie;
Then I'd ſleep with my Love in content,
And be laid in one grave when we die.

M. R. AMATOR.

The INGREDIENTS *of* CONTENTMENT.

SEEK you to know what keeps the mind
In ev'ry ſcene of life reſign'd?
Theſe are the things:—A little wealth,
A little buſineſs, juſt for health;
A ſmall neat houſe, two ſtories high;
One ſpare bed, where a friend may lie;
A friend, to whom one may impart
The inmoſt ſecrets of the heart;
At morning, ſtore o' cream and tea,
(Either Imperial or Bohea.)
At noon one diſh well dreſt, but plain,
With freſh ſmall beer, and linen clean;
At leiſure hours a book, or ſong,
To chear the grave, or pleaſe the young;
At night, a ſober glaſs—then bed,
There eaſe the troubles of the head,
And banith cares, to ſpleen give vent—
Theſe make the balm we call CONTENT.

LINES *occaſioned by the intended demolition of* Friar Bacon's *Study in* Oxford.

ROGER! if with thy magic glaſſes,
Running, thou ſee'ſt below what paſſes,
As when on earth thou didſt deſcry
With them the wonders of the ſky—
Look down on yon devoted walls!
Oh! ſave them—ere thy *Study* falls!
Or to thy vot'ries quick impart
The ſecret of thy *myſtic* art:
Teach us, 'ere Learning's quite forſaken,
To honour thee, and—*ſave our* BACON!

EXTEMPORE, *on hearing that the* QUEEN *was afflicted with a Depreſſion of Spirits.*

PROPITIOUS Heaven! O hear our prayer!
Reſtore a Charlotte's pow'rs,
Nor lay her gentle ſpirits low,
Who gives ſuch life to ours.

THE REVIEW.

The HISTORY *of* EDINBURGH: *By* HUGO ARNOT, *Esq; Advocate.* 4to. 1l. 5s. *boards.* [P. 182.]

CHAPTER VI. contains a concise account of that remarkable occurrence, the *Porteous mob*; though it is in general pretty well known, yet we doubt not, the particulars will be acceptable to most of our readers; especially as it threatened the city of Edinburgh with the most dangerous consequences.

" A TUMULT, as it has been commonly called, but, to speak more properly, a conspiracy, now happened in Edinburgh; a conspiracy equally remarkable for the art with which it was contrived, the dexterity with which it was executed, and the heavy load of vengeance which it drew upon the city.

" The discontents raised by the union had not been entirely extinguished. They were increased by the malt-tax, which, over all Scotland, was considered as extremely oppressive. But, notwithstanding which, while in other places there were tumultuous risings, Edinburgh behaved with such exemplary quietness and decorum, as attracted the attention, and even the applause of government. An ill-judged exertion of the noblest, yet most dangerous privilege of royalty, heightened those discontents, and kindled them into open violence. At the execution of a smuggler in the Grass-market, attended with no other disturbance than the boys pelting the executioner with stones, which, at Edinburgh, is common on these occations, John Porteous, captain of the city-guard, thought fit to fire twice upon the mob, and to order his men to do the same; the captain's orders were obeyed, and six people were killed, and eleven severely wounded. Porteous was prosecuted at the city's expence, convicted by the unanimous verdict of a jury, and condemned*: But Queen Caroline (then Regent) indulged the criminal with a reprieve.—The people were enraged to a degree of fury. They remembered that it had been a common practice of government to screen the *well-affected* from the punishment of their murders: That the office of King's Advocate was with-held from Sir John Lauder of Fountainhall, because he declared he would prosecute the authors of the massacre of Glencoe, and that they escaped accordingly. They remembered that Green and his crew, who had been convicted of piracy and murder, committed upon their countrymen, would all of them have been pardoned, had not government been intimidated by the fury of the populace: That when a riot, excited (as many people thought) by oppression, happened at Glasgow, and the military fired among the mob, and killed or wounded about twenty people, the commanding officer escaped unpunished, and was promoted in the service: Nay, that tyranny had then so established her dominion, that, when every engine of ministerial power was exerted to bring *the rioters* to punishment, while the criminal register was swelled with the catalogue of their proscriptions, no punishment was inflicted on *the murderers*: Not even the ceremony of a trial was performed to appease the injured *manes* of the slain. Fired with jealousy and resentment, they resolved, that even royal mercy should not rescue Porteous from their vengeance.

" A number of people, from different quarters, assembled on the night previous to that on which his execution would have taken place, had not the Queen granted him a reprieve. The cloaths which appeared under their different disguises, as well as the conduct and deliberation with which their plan was executed, bespoke many among them to be superior to the vulgar; and that the violence they committed proceeded not from the rash and unpremeditated concert of a rabble. They surprised and disarmed the town-guard, blocked up the gates of the city, to prevent the admission of troops quartered in the suburbs. The prison-doors, which would not yield to the force of their hammers, they consumed by fire. The prisoners they dismissed, (Porteous excepted), whom they threatened with the tragical catastrophe which he dreaded. In vain did the magistrates endeavour to quell or appease the ferment. They were pelted with stones, and threatened to be fired upon. The member of parliament for the city went to General Moyle, commander of the forces in Scotland, and intreated his immediate assistance, by the introduction of a body of his troops into

* *June* 20. 1736.

the town; but this the General refuſed, becauſe he had no written order from the Magiſtrates to that effect; which, indeed, Mr Lindſay, the member, in ſuch confuſion, neither could obtain, nor venture to carry about his perſon through the midſt of an enraged populace. They marched with lighted torches to the Graſs-market, opened a ſhop, took out a coil of ropes, and paid for them; and, after allowing Porteous to give to an acquaintance, in truſt, the money he had about him, to be delivered to his relations, they proceeded to a dyer's poſt, nigh the ſpot where the unfortunate people were killed. After reproaching him with their barbarity, they hanged him on the poſt, and diſperſed quietly, without committing any other outrage or diſturbance whatever.

"Information of this outrage was received at court with the utmoſt indignation. It was deemed a premeditated inſult to government. Several expreſſes were diſpatched to his Majeſty then at Hanover. A pardon was promiſed to offenders, if they would diſcover their accomplices, and alſo a reward of 200 l. for each perſon ſo apprehended and convicted; and it was reſolved to make the city feel the weight of miniſterial vengeance.

"The Lord Provoſt of Edinburgh was taken into cuſtody, and, after almoſt three weeks confinement, was admitted to bail. His Lordſhip, with the four bailies of Edinburgh, were commanded to attend the Houſe of Lords. Three of the Lords of Juſticiary were likewiſe ordered to attend; but this order produced a debate, upon a caſe not provided for by the articles of union, and for which there was no precedent; namely, how the Scottiſh Judges ſhould be received, on the wool-ſacks, at the table, or at the bar? The arguments in favour of the firſt of theſe alternatives are obvious: "That as, in the Houſe of Lords, bills are paſſed relating to Scotland as well as England; as appeals upon caſes decided in Scotland receive their final deciſion in that Houſe; and, as Scottiſh Peers, for crimes committed in Scotland, would fall to be tried in that Houſe, doubts concerning the Scots law might frequently ariſe, which would make it as requiſite to have the opinion and aſſiſtance of the Scottiſh Judges, upon theſe caſes, as to have thoſe of the Engliſh Judges upon ſimilar caſes in the neighbouring kingdom: And that, when the Scottiſh Judges ſhould be ſo called upon, no inequality, no diſtinction ſhould be obſerved between the Judges of the ſupreme Courts in Scotland, and thoſe of an equal rank in England. To theſe it was anſwered, that no perſon had a right to be admitted within the bar of the Houſe of Lords, but by patent, by writ, or by cuſtom: That the Scottiſh Judges ſtood in neither of theſe predicaments; therefore they could not be admitted: And farther, that the Scottiſh Judges did not enjoy that privilege in their own country before the union."

"But, in fact, perſons who were not members of the Houſe of Lords had been admitted within the bar. And two gentlemen, who had been judges but were not ſo then, in the year 1688, were called upon to give their evidence at the table. And as to the Scottiſh judges not enjoying that privilege in their own country, the conſtitution of their parliament did not require it. However, by a plurality of voices, they were ordered to attend at the bar in their robes.

"An inquiry was made in the Houſe of Lords reſpecting the legality and juſtice of the ſentence by which Porteous was condemned. A motion was made for having it declared erroneous; and ſeveral of the members ſcrupled not to cenſure both the verdict of the jury and the ſentence of the court. They were both, however, fully juſtified, and the motion was dropped.

"A bill was brought in for diſabling Alexander Wilſon, Eſq; Lord Provoſt of Edinburgh, from enjoying any office, or place of magiſtracy, in that city, or in any part of Great Britain; for confining him to cloſe cuſtody for a full year; for aboliſhing the city-guard, and taking down the gates at the Netherbow-port. It paſſed the Houſe of Lords, notwithſtanding the vigorous oppoſition it met with from the Duke of Argyle, and many more of their Lordſhips. The bill was ſent down to the Houſe of Commons. The Scots members, *one only excepted*, exerted themſelves to the utmoſt in defence of their capital. In every ſtage it received the keeneſt oppoſition. The bill was altered in its moſt eſſential circumſtances. The clauſes for impriſoning the Lord Provoſt, aboliſhing the city-guard, and taking down the gates, were left out. In place of theſe, a fine of 2000 l. to be applied to the uſe of Por-

tenus's widow, was impoſed upon the city. And, even then, it was carried in the Committee by the ſmalleſt poſſible majority. One hundred and thirty members voted for reporting the bill as amended; the ſame number voted againſt it. And, although it is cuſtomary for the chairman to give his voice upon the ſide of mercy, he voted in favour of the bill. It is farther remarkable, that two Scots members, the Solicitor General, and Mr Erſkine of Grange, were then attending an appeal in the Houſe of Lords, and were refuſed leave of abſence, otherwiſe the bill would have been totally loſt."

[*To be continued*]

Obſervations concerning the Public Law, and the Conſtitutional Hiſtory of Scotland. With occaſional Remarks concerning Engliſh Antiquity. By Gilbert Stuart, *LL. D. 8vo. 5 s. boards.*—Murray, London; Creech, Edinburgh.

NO branch of knowledge is more generally intereſting than that of hiſtory, nor is there any in which it is more difficult for a writer to excel. Great knowledge and refined taſte are ſeldom found together; more ſeldom ſtill is a ſpirit of perſevering diligence united with the vigorous ardour of genius. From theſe cauſes, the greater part of the numerous hiſtories that have been written, contain either dry details of unintereſting events, or entertaining narratives of fanciful occurrences; for it is ſo much eaſier for a fertile imagination to form an ideal ſtate of civil ſociety, with which all known facts are made to agree, than to trace the gradual revolutions that have happened in human affairs from a change of trivial circumſtances now involved in obſcurity; that few are willing to undertake the more arduous taſk who have abilities to write an entertaining romance, which is better adapted to pleaſe the vulgar, to raiſe the reputation of an author during his *own time* at leaſt, and to enrich his publiſher, than a hiſtory more conformable to truth and nature, but leſs picturesque, leſs ſhowy, and leſs amuſing.

In thoſe ages of ſuperſtition and ignorance in which Europe was involved after the deſtruction of the Roman empire, nothing worthy of notice in the hiſtorical line could be expected; and, after the revival of letters, it was long before any adequate idea of the operations of the human mind could be obtained by thoſe who ſtill doubted whether all liberal diſquiſitions ought not to be diſcouraged as dangerous to religion. Voltaire had the merit of firſt directing the attention of Europe, hitherto confined to *kings* and *conqueſts*, towards the ſtudy of *men* and *manners*. The propriety of this plan was recognized as ſoon as it was known; and he has been followed, as far as their talents would permit, by many hiſtorical writers. From the ſame ſource we derive many excellent political treatiſes, in which the *paſſions* and *prejudices* of mankind have been regarded as of no leſs weight in human affairs than their *judgment* and *reaſon*.

But while we thus do juſtice to the memory of Voltaire, we muſt regret that ſo many of his imitators have copied his faults without aſpiring to imitate his beauties. Hurried forward by the powerful influence of a too lively imagination, he has not been able to inveſtigate hiſtoric truth with ſufficient pains and accuracy; and others, without the ſame plea in their favour, have been as bold in their aſſertions, and as adventurous in their conjectures. Endowed with great talents, but defective in the powers of imagination, and deſtitute of the finer feelings of the heart, *Hume* has written a moſt entertaining hiſtory, in which the pictures are bold and animated. They ſeem copied from Nature herſelf—but unfortunately thoſe who beſt know the original are moſt ſenſible of the defects of the copy. *Robertſon* poſſeſſes ſtill a finer pencil, and more gaudy colouring: the *Titian* of hiſtory, his pictures appear life itſelf. They are enchantingly beautiful; but he has not always obſerved the *coſtume* with due attention. Great names are ſufficient to miſlead the world; and it requires uncommon reſolution to oppoſe opinions maintained by ſuch diſtinguiſhed writers. But this reſolution has appeared. *Whitaker*, ſtill more addicted to his own ſyſtem, more bold in his aſſertions, and equally ſparing of proofs, has ſhaken and overturned ſome of the baſeleſs hypotheſes of *Hume*; and the Author of the preſent work has been equally ſucceſsful in pointing out ſeveral errors in Dr Robertſon's Hiſtory of Scotland.

Dr Stuart profeſſes to inveſtigate a ſubject that has hitherto been involved in great obſcurity,—the conſtitutional hiſtory of Scotland. Few are the authors who have treated of the *antiquities* of that country; and among theſe few, not any one has adopted a plan by which it was

poſſible to remove that thick cloud in which they are ſo deeply involved. Deſtitute of records, and acquainted only in part by accidental notices with the exiſtence or the name of certain inſtitutions, it ſeemed impoſſible to give any connected detail of the origin and nature of what was ſo obſcurely pointed out in ancient records. Hence every author thought himſelf at liberty to give ſuch an explanation of theſe matters as ſtruck his fancy at the time of writing; nor was it eaſy for ordinary readers to perceive the leaſt degree of fallacy in his performance. Succeeding authors, however, happened by accident to diſcover ſeveral particulars which did not accord with other obſcure notices that had come to *their* knowledge; on which account the former opinions were refuted, and others equally untenable were adopted in their ſtead. In this way the hiſtory of that country became little elſe than a ſcene of controverſy; and in this hopeleſs uncertainty every reader was left to find his way, in the beſt manner he could, without being able to ſee any proſpect of that repoſe of mind which reſults from entire conviction in the truth of facts that have been preſerved upon record.

We do not ſay that Dr Stuart has entirely removed that uncertainty ſo long complained of, but we think he has adopted a plan, which, if adhered to by others leſs addicted to thoſe violent prejudices which perhaps take their riſe from too much quickneſs of parts, bids fair, at length, to remove the doubtful miſt that hangs over the Scottiſh antiquities. The method which he has adopted was practiſed by the great Monteſquieu, and has been almoſt entirely neglected ſince his time. It conſiſts in having recourſe to *laws* inſtead of hiſtorical records, as theſe much more faithfully exhibit a picture of the evils they were intended to remove, than even a hiſtory, were we poſſeſſed of it, could poſſibly do; for the one is only the reaſoning of an individual, the other ſhews the opinion of the whole legiſlative body.

In a former work* Dr Stuart paved the way for the preſent; for this is little elſe than a deſcription of the particular variations adopted by a ſeparate tribe of that great nation, of whoſe government and manners the former volume traced the general outlines. The moſt ſtriking peculiarity in the ancient German tribes, while they ſtill inhabited their native woods, was, that their lands never belonged to individuals, but were cultivated by the people at large, and afterwards a portion of that cultivated land was allotted by the ſtate to each individual according to his rank and dignity; but after the crop was reaped, the property returned as before, to the whole tribe.

Dr Stuart, we obſerve, has not thought it neceſſary to explain in what manner men in that rude ſtate of ſociety came to differ from one another in *dignity:* yet to us who are accuſtomed to connect the idea of dignity with the extent of property, it is not quite evident, at firſt ſight, what can be meant by different degrees of dignity where poſſeſſions are not hereditary; and even where they are granted for one year only. This may appear to ſome readers an omiſſion in the work of our Author, becauſe, without forming a proper judgment of this matter, we muſt have an imperfect idea of that beautiful ſyſtem of liberty which has naturally flowed from the German manners.

In a ſtate of nature, all mankind are born with an equal claim to diſtinction. One infant is equally helpleſs with another, and has an equal demand on the attention of its parents and thoſe around it. But this ſtate of perfect equality among individuals cannot poſſibly exiſt but for a very ſhort period. A ſuperior degree of ſtrength, activity, or genius, quickly exalts one boy above his equals, who perceiving this ſuperiority, tacitly, and without reluctance, acknowledge it, and pay a willing obedience to thoſe whom heaven ſeems to have deſtined to govern them. This obedience, however, is not only perſonal but temporary. The chief is no longer entitled to the firſt rank than while he excels in thoſe endowments that are in the higheſt degree of eſtimation among the individuals of the tribe which he commands; and as ſoon as another is found who excels him, he muſt occupy only the ſecond place. In this way it happens, that in every ſtate of civil ſociety there muſt be perſons placed in different *degrees of rank*, although there ſhould be no permanent property in goods. Such moſt certainly were the dignified perſonages among the Germans in their woods; ſuch were the dignitaries among the warlike tribes of South America, and ſuch at this day

* A View of Society in Europe, in its Progreſs from Rudeneſs to Refinement.

are the chiefs of the favage nations in North America. Evident traces of the fame fyftem are feen in the writings of Homer, and in every other account of a people nearly approaching to the infancy of fociety. The community at large, to whom belongs all property, affigns to each individual that fhare of provifions or of fpoils to which he is entitled by his merit. The chief therefore, whofe talents are of the moft dazzling kind, will be rich and powerful; but it by no means follows that his fucceffor fhall enjoy an equal degree of riches or power, becaufe he may be deftitute of the talents and accomplifhments by which thefe advantages are attained.

With this notion of equality and fubordination our predeceffors iffued from their woods, and over-ran thofe fertile provinces of Europe which were under the more civilized government of the Romans. Dignities of all kinds were for fome time entirely perfonal, and property was granted only for the fhort fpace of one year; but becoming acquainted with the luxuries of life, individuals, loth to quit their habitations, and defirous of cultivating their fields, began to perceive the meaning of the word *property*; and the grants, inftead of being beftowed annually, came to be given firft for life, and afterwards in perpetuity; every inhabitant being obliged to defend the poffeffions of the ftate againft every invader.

The Germans, in their woods, cultivated only as much land as was judged fufficient for the fupport of the whole community, which was afterwards divided among the individuals according to their dignity; all the other lands being the property of the ftate. In the fame manner, after their emigrations, a portion of land was allotted to every individual, according to his dignity; and all the remaining territories belonged immediately to the ftate. Thefe referved territories were under the immediate direction of the chief magiftrate, and became in time a fource of new power to him, being by him granted away, under certain reftrictions, to fuch as he chofe to favour. Thefe came afterward to be called *fiefs*, in contradiftinction to the former lands which were denominated *allodial*.

Having premifed thefe great outlines of the nature and origin of government in modern Europe, we proceed to give a brief analyfis of the work before us.

In the firft chapter Dr Stuart reprobates the idea of Scotland having adopted the feudal laws by imitation from any other country:

"Wherever feudality, he juftly obferves, was to flourifh, it was to grow from the root. The tree could not be carried to a foreign foil. Its native earth could alone preferve it in exiftence, and give the aliment that was to make it rife into height, and fhoot into branches.

"Scotland was a feudal kingdom; and we can point pretty exactly to the time when fiefs were *hereditary* there. Now, in that form, they could not be imported by any of its princes; and, it is evident, that no conquering nation, advanced to the practice of fiefs in this degree, made a conqueft and eftablifhment in Scotland. In confequence, therefore, of a *natural* progrefs, fiefs muft have grown to this condition of refinement. And, before fiefs were hereditary, they were for a feries of years; before they were for a feries of years, they were for life; and before they were for life, they had been precarious or at pleafure.

"In every feudal country, the progrefs from the precarious grant to the gift in perpetuity, was experienced. In Scotland the fame progrefs muft have been known; and the confideration of it carries us back to a remote antiquity. For fiefs, in this kingdom, being *hereditary* about the days of Malcolm II. or Malcolm III. fome centuries muft have paffed away in the production of the previous fteps of feudality.

"It was not, in fact, till the year 877, that, in France, the progrefs of fiefs to perpetuity was finifhed. In England, hereditary fiefs were known before the time of Edward the Confeffor, who began to reign in the year 1041. In Scotland, eftates hereditary, or in perpetuity, are mentioned to have been familiar in the age of Malcolm II. who was crowned King in the year 1004; and a certainty of their exiftence is evinced in the reign of Malcolm III. who fwayed the Scottifh fceptre from the year 1057 to the year 1093.

"Thefe things, fo natural, fo conftent, and fo uniform, appear to me to have an authority that is not to be controverted; and, I think, I am juftified to infer from them the high antiquity of fiefs in the Scottifh nation."

[*To be continued.*]

A VOYAGE *to* New Guinea *and the* Moluccas, *from* Balambangan: *Including an Account of* Magindano, Sooloo, *and other Iſlands: Illuſtrated with thirty Copperplates. Performed in the* Tartar Galley, *belonging to the Honourable* Eaſt-India Company, *during the years* 1774, 1775, *and* 1776, *by* Capt. Thomas Forreſt. *To which is added, a Vocabulary of the* Magindano *Tongue.* 4*to.* 1 l. 11 s. 6 d. Robſon, London.

SOME few years ago, Mr Dalrymple, an ingenious gentleman in the Eaſt-India ſervice, projected, and ſtrongly recommended the making an Engliſh ſettlement, or eſtabliſhing a factory, on the iſland of Balambangan, near the north extremity of Borneo. We gather from the preſent publication, that this plan took effect (though ſince rendered abortive); that Mr Dalrymple, who firſt made the Engliſh acquainted with the Sooloos, an active mercantile people who inhabit an Archipelago between Borneo and Magindano, or, as it is generally termed, Mindanao, procured from them, for the Eaſt-India Company, a grant of the north part of Borneo, with ſome iſlands on that coaſt, which are preſumed not to be within the claim of any European power whatever.

In Auguſt 1774, ambaſſadors came from the heir apparent of the Sultan of Mindanao to Balambangan, in whoſe train was a native of the Moluccas, who having been long employed there by the Dutch, had gained an accurate knowledge of thoſe iſlands. This man, whoſe name was Iſhmael Tuan Hadjee, had been beyond Pitt's Straits, as far as the coaſt of New Guinea, called Papua; and reported that nutmegs grew there. On this intelligence, and with a view to obtain ſpices from places unconnected with the Dutch, Mr Herbert, the chief, and his council, reſolved to attempt a ſmall embarkation to New Guinea, and intruſted the management of it to Captain Forreſt.

Such was the motive to the voyage here related; a motive founded on patriotic rectitude, with a view of releaſing us from a dependance on a ſet of monopoliſts, who have not been actuated by the moſt laudable principles, nor have they always conducted themſelves in the moſt generous, or even humane manner.

To elude the jealouſy of the Dutch, to be able to navigate the narrow ſeas with ſafety, and to accommodate himſelf to the abilities and humours of a Malay crew, Captain Forreſt undertook this expedition, in a Sooloo boat, of about ten tons burden, which he named the Tartar galley: and his company conſiſted of twenty-two, of whom only four, including himſelf and a paſſenger he left at the iſland of Sooloo, were Europeans. Iſhmael Tuan Hadjee, before mentioned, was one who went with him, but was a refractory kind of aſſociate, and left him by the way; ſo that conſidering the complexion of Captain Forreſt's aſſociates, with the nature of the voyage, it required no little fortitude and diſcretion to go thro' with the undertaking.

Mankind are ever on the ſearch after *ſomething new*; when, therefore, we meet with an intelligent traveller or voyager, we engage cordially in his undertaking, enter into his circumſtances with avidity, intereſt ourſelves in all his adventures, fear, hope, and rejoice with him, until he returns home: but then—inſtead of ſympathizing in the pleaſure he muſt feel in the accompliſhment of his purpoſe, or in the repoſe he enjoys after his fatigues and dangers, we are apt to repine that he has no more to go through for our amuſement!

The moſt valuable particulars, however, in a voyage for diſcovery, are not thoſe which furniſh entertainment for the general reader. The nature of tides, variations of the compaſs, bearings of land, ſoundings and quality of harbours, and the productions of countries; all theſe are frequently paſſed over as dry ſtuff, for the pleaſure of dwelling on a quarrel with a wild Indian about a cocoa nut, or a ſtolen handkerchief. But tho' miſcellaneous incidents claim an occaſional ſhare of Captain Forreſt's attention, he never forgets the errand upon which he was ſent: and his conduct throughout fully juſtifies the confidence repoſed in him.

When the Tartar galley arrived at Dory harbour, on the north ſide of New Guinea, ſearch was made for the nutmeg tree, at firſt with no ſucceſs; but, on promiſing a reward for the diſcovery, ſeveral were found on an adjacent ſmall iſland called Manaſwary. Many young ones ſpringing round the old trees, Captain Forreſt planted above a hundred in baſkets with earth round them, to carry to Balambangan; and his firſt diſappointment is the eaſier accounted for, by the inhabitants not regarding the nutmeg as

a fruit of any kind of uſe; of courſe, it gave way in their eſteem to the plantain, the cocoa nut, the bread fruit, and pine apple. The nutmeg hunters learned that the tree was common in the country, but the crew were unwilling to make any inland incurſion, or to proceed any farther down the coaſt.

A near perſpective view is given of the galley lying in Dory harbour, of the appearance of the native Papuas, and of the peculiar ſtructure of their habitations. The following account of the place is given by the author:

"Off the mouth of the bay, before the harbour, but out of the ſwell, a boat, with two Papua men, came on board, after having converſed a good deal with our linguiſts at a diſtance: ſatisfied we were friends, they haſtened aſhore, to tell, I ſuppoſe, the news. Soon after, many Papua Coffees came on board, and were quite eaſy and familiar; all of them wore their hair buſhed out ſo much round their heads, that its circumference meaſured about three feet, and where leaſt, two and a half. In this they ſtuck their comb, conſiſting of four or five long diverging teeth, with which they now and then combed their frizzling locks, in a direction perpendicular from the head, as with a deſign to make it more bulky. They ſometimes adorned their hair with feathers. The women had only their left ear pierced, in which they wore ſmall braſs rings. The hair of the women was buſhed out alſo; but not quite ſo much as that of the men.

"We anchored about four in the afternoon, cloſe to one of the great houſes, which is built on poſts, fixed ſeveral yards below low water mark; ſo that the tenement is always above the water: a long ſtage, ſupported by poſts, going from it to the land, juſt at high water mark. The tenement contains many families, who live in cabins on each ſide of a wide common hall, that goes thro' the middle of it, and has two doors, one opening to the ſtage towards the land; the other on a large ſtage towards the ſea, ſupported likewiſe by poſts, in rather deeper water than thoſe that ſupport the tenement. On this ſtage the canoes are hauled up; and from this the boats are ready for a launch, at any time of tide, if the Haraforas* attack from the land; if they attack by ſea, the Papuas take to the woods. The married people, unmarried women, and children, live in theſe large tenements, which, as I have ſaid, have two doors; the one to the long narrow ſtage, that leads to the land; the other to the broad ſtage, which is over the ſea, and on which they keep their boats, having outriggers on each ſide. A few yards from this ſea ſtage, if I may ſo call it, are built, in ſtill deeper water, and on ſtronger poſts, houſes where only batchelors live. This is like the cuſtom of the Batta people on Sumatra, and the Idaan or Moroots on Borneo, where, I am told, the batchelors are ſeparated from the young women and the married people.

"At Dory were two large tenements of this kind, about four hundred yards from each other, and each had a houſe for the batchelors, cloſe by it: in one of the tenements were fourteen cabins, ſeven on a ſide; in the other twelve, or ſix on a ſide. In the common hall I ſaw the women ſometimes making mats, at other times forming pieces of clay into earthen pots; with a pebble in one hand to put into it, whilſt they held in the other hand alſo a pebble, with which they knocked, to enlarge and ſmooth it. The pots ſo formed, they burnt with dry graſs, or light bruſhwood. The men, in general, wore a thin ſtuff, that comes from the cocoa nut tree, and reſembles a coarſe kind of cloth, tied forward round the middle, and up behind between the thighs. The women wore, in general, coarſe blue Surat baſſas, round their middle, not as a petticoat, but tucked up behind, like the men; ſo that the body and thigh were almoſt naked; as boys and girls go entirely. I have often obſerved the women with an axe or chopping knife, fixing poſts for the ſtages, whilſt the men were ſauntering about idle. Early in a morning I have ſeen the men ſetting out in their boats, with two or three ſox looking dogs, for certain places to hunt the wild hog, which they call Ben: a dog they call Naf. I have frequently bought of them pieces of wild hog; which, however, I avoided carrying on board the galley, but dreſſed and eat it aſhore, unwilling to give offence to the crew."

When navigators intrude themſelves into ſtrange lands, where the artleſs natives are not able to exerciſe the juſt power of repulſion if they diſlike their

* Haraforas, *people who inhabit the inland parts, and cultivate the ſoil.*

viſitors; there is ſomething pleaſing to find the interco-urſe cultivated in the manner practiſed by Capt. Forreſt, who ſome days afterwards gives us the following relation:

"To-day I repaired to the large tenement, near which the veſſel lay. I found the women in the common hall, making cocoa mats as uſual; alſo kneading (if I may ſo term it) the clay, of which others formed the pots with two pebble ſtones, as before deſcribed. Two of them were humming a tune, on which I took out a German flute, and played; they were exceedingly attentive, all work ſtopping inſtantly when I began. I then aſked one of the women to ſing, which ſhe did. The air ſhe ſung was very melodious, and of a ſpecies much ſuperior to Malay airs in general, which dwell long on a few notes, with little variety of riſe or fall. Giving her a fathom of blue baftas, I aſked another to ſing: ſhe was baſhful, and refuſed; therefore I gave her nothing; her looks ſpoke her vexed, as if diſappointed. Preſently, ſhe brought a large bunch of plantains and gave it me with a ſmile. I then preſented her with the remaining fathom of baftas, having had but two pieces with me. There being many boys and girls about us, as we ſat in that part of the common hall that goes upon the outer ſtage of the tenement, I ſeparated ſome of the plantains from the bunch, and diſtributed to the children. When I had thus given away about one half, they would not permit me to part with any more; ſo the remainder I carried on board. I could not help taking notice, that the children did not ſnatch, or ſeem too eager to receive, but waited patiently, and modeſtly accepted of what I offered, lifting their hands to their heads. The batchelors, if courting, come freely to the common-hall, and ſit down by their ſweethearts. The old ones at a diſtance, are then ſaid often to call out, Well, are you agreed? If they agree before witneſſes, they kill a cock, which is procured with difficulty, and then it is a marriage. Their cabins are miſerably furniſhed; a mat or two, a fire-place, an earthen pot, with perhaps a china plate or baſon, and ſome ſago flour. As they cook in each cabin, and have no chimney, the ſmoke iſſues at every part of the roof: at a diſtance the whole roof ſeems to ſmoke. They are fond of glaſs or china beads of all colours; both ſexes wear them about the wriſt, but the women only at the left ear.

"They are exceeding good archers, and ſome of their arrows are ſix feet long; the bow is generally of bamboo, and the ſtring of ſplit ratan. They purchaſe their iron tools, chopping knives, and axes, blue and red baftas, china beads, plates, baſons, &c. from the Chineſe. The Chineſe carry back Miſoy bark, which they get to the eaſtward of Dory, at a place called Warmaſine, or Warapine; it is worth 30 dollars a pecul (133 lb.) on Java. They trade alſo in ſlaves, ambergreaſe, ſwallo, or ſea ſlug, tortoiſeſhell, ſmall pearls, black loories, large red loories, birds of Paradiſe, and many kinds of dead birds, which the Papua men have a particular way of drying.

"The Dutch permit no burgher of Ternate, or Tidore, to ſend a veſſel to the coaſt of New Guinea. They are not willing to truſt thoſe burghers, while they put a juſt confidence in the Chineſe, that they will not deal in nutmegs, as formerly mentioned. The Chineſe have a paſs from the Sultan of Tidore, and wear Dutch colours."

On his voyage back to Balambangan, Captain Forreſt put into the harbour of Magindano, or Mindanao, where he ſtaid ſome months to refit; he accordingly here makes uſe of his leiſure time to deſcribe ſeveral parts of the iſland, the manners and cuſtoms of the inhabitants, their hiſtory, and even the preſent ſtate of politics at the Sultan's court. From the Sultan he obtained a formal ſealed grant of an adjacent ſmall iſland called Bunwoot, about eighteen miles round. This acquiſition was the more ſeaſonable and important, as the Company could erect a fort and warehouſes upon it, and as, during his abſence, the Sooloos had diſpoſſeſſed the Engliſh of the iſland of Balambangan: for however we may accuſe theſe rude nations of capriciouſneſs, it is among them as among the poliſhed nations of Europe, where the validity of treaties depends on the balance of power. This young remote factory being thus deſtroyed, the Tartar galley went to Fort Marlborough on the coaſt of Sumatra; and time muſt determine what commercial purpoſe may be anſwered by the voyage.

We cannot avoid hinting, in concluſion, two material circumſtances often neglected in works of a geographical nature. Navigators writing from their

journals, are apt, ſometimes, to introduce, abruptly and familiarly, the names of places, perſons, and things, intimately known to them on the ſpot, and at the time of writing, without explanation, and without conſidering that ſuch terms muſt be very obſcure to readers whoſe comprehenſion depends on the ſufficiency of the relation. Gentlemen, indeed, who have traverſed the Eaſtern ſeas, may perhaps deſpiſe ſuch aſſiſtance; but when a relation is given to the public, it ought to be generally intelligible. To illuſtrate this complaint, leads to another defect, which diminiſhes the value of all literary performances above the ſize of a pamphlet. Meeting frequent mention, in the latter part of this work, of the *Buggeſſes*, we wiſhed to know who they were; but either becauſe the term was not explained before, or ſuch explanation had been overlooked, none could be found throughout, on turning back; as there is no *index* to aſſiſt the reader in occaſional references*.—If this valuable work ſhould come to a ſecond edition, of which there is little doubt, it is hoped the deficiency here noticed will be duly ſupplied.

The INDISCREET MARRIAGE; *or* Henry *and* Sophia Somerville: *In a Series of Letters. By Miſs* Nugent *and Miſs* Taylor. *3 Vols. 7 s. 6 d.* Dodſley, London.

THE firſt of the young ladies whoſe names are ſet to this juvenile performance, is the daughter of a veteran officer, who died in the bed of honour, in the ſervice of his country, at the head of his company of marines, at the battle of Bunker's-hill. To his only ſon, Edward Nugent, an officer in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice at Bombay, this petty trifle is, with true taſte and elegant ſimplicity, dedicated by his ſiſter. Of the coadjutrix, Miſs Taylor, we know nothing more than that ſhe is very young, the ages of the two not exceeding twenty years; yet there ſeems to be a friendly union formed between her and Miſs Nugent, which would do honour to riper years and more mature judgment. We wiſh it may prove reciprocally beneficial through life. The young ladies, anticipating ſome cenſures they apprehended might be paſſed upon their employing their time in this manner, have beſpoke the candour and indulgence of the critics, male and female, (and from the latter they have the moſt to dread)—by an ingenious declaration, that theſe ſheets were moſtly written between the hours of five and eight in the morning, and that they never neglected any domeſtic employment it was proper to be engaged in.

Of the production itſelf we have only to ſay, that conſidered as an employment for leiſure hours, and the firſt adventure in the literary line of two young ladies, who have thrown themſelves on the mercy of the public, by annexing their names to the title-page, it ought to command a favourable reception, and we hope the critics will think it as indelicate to point out any little defects, as it would be to take to pieces, feature by feature, the little dear creatures themſelves, when probably, *tout enſemble*, they may be the juſt ſubjects of admiration and praiſe. We will venture, however, one piece of advice, in caſe they ſhould think proper to let looſe their fancy again in rambling proſe. It is to fix upon ſome regular, connected, uniform plot, not complex in any reſpect, as a baſis for their ſuperſtructure, and to purſue this to the end. Thoſe who are fond of the marvellous, of intricacies, perplexities, embarraſſments, and plot upon plot, will give the preference to the Indiſcreet Marriage; but perſons of ſound judgments, who are fond of a well-wrought tale, as the medium for conveying inſtruction and a uſeful moral to young minds, with to have that tale as ſimple and natural as poſſible, that the moral may not be dropt or loſt by the memory, from its being too attentively engaged in unravelling the entanglements of a perplexed combination of multifarious adventures. The young ladies will be pleaſed to recollect a kind of needle-work once much in vogue with the ladies of their anceſtry, called patch-work, greatly reſembling Harlequin's coat; it was pretty, and the execution required ſome taſte in the choice and arrangement of the colours, as well as great patience; but the want of elegant ſimplicity threw it out of date.

A glance to the beautiful, and a word to the wiſe, are enough. L.

[*Notes to Correſpondents deferred*].

* *There is prefixed a very copious* table of contents; *but this will not anſwer all the purpoſes of a good* alphabetical index.